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## TENETS OF MASONRY

### They Were Religiously Maintained by George Washington.

**Painting of First President in Masonic Garb, Has Just Been Presented to the Grand Lodge of England.**

Although the portrait of George Washington as a mason, which Henry S. Wellcome has presented to the grand lodge of England and which Ambassador Choate unveiled the other day, was painted two years ago, it never has been shown.

If this unique portrait of the first president is not historically accurate in every detail, it is the fault neither of the American Free Mason, who ordered, nor the American artist who painted it. When Mr. Wellcome decided to have the picture made, he explained to Robert Gordon Hardie, the artist, to whom he intrusted its execution, that he wished him to spare no pains to make the painting a faithful representation of Gen. Washington as he looked in masonic dress.

This proved, however, to be rather a difficult matter. It was by no means easy to find out what sort of regalia the first president used to wear. Only one of his pictures showed him in masonic dress, and that was an engraving which proved to be inaccurate in several ways. Mr. Wellcome, however, who was determined to have his picture, and equally resolved that it should be exact, gave Mr. Hardie carte blanche to search the records of the period and collect information from any and every reliable source in America, England and France.

The artist, on his side, spared no pains in his search for trustworthy data. He interviewed descendants of Washington wherever they could be found, from New York to Virginia, and this part of his work was both prolonged and expensive. It resulted, however,

WASHINGTON AS A MASON.
(Portrait Recently Presented to Grand Lodge of England.)

in the discovery that the masonic regalia worn by Washington was presented to him by Mme. Lafayette. By the titled French woman's instructions, the regalia was sent to the first president by the firm of Watson & Cosson, of Nantes, France, and Washington's letter to this house, acknowledging the ornaments, is in the possession of the librarian of the Masonic hall in London. It was written from New York in 1782.

Accordingly, in painting his portrait of Washington, Mr. Hardie arrayed the great American in the masonic regalia worn in France in his day. That he was quite justified in doing so, doubts have been expressed, but it is generally admitted that the likeness of Washington's portrait, which, until Mr. Choate unveiled it the other day, had never been shown, is one of the best that ever has been made of the first president. It is believed that, including the expenses of the artist in collecting material, the cost of the work was about $3,000.

The ceremony of unveiling the painting, in the library of the Freemason's hall, was presided over by the earl of Warwick, a prominent English mason. In his speech, the earl recalled that in the revolution Gen. Washington several times returned to the general of the British forces treasures and emblems which had been captured by the Americans. He added that Englishmen were proud of the fact that the Forty-sixth British regiment had in its possession the Bible on which George Washington took his oath as a mason.

In unveiling the painting, the American ambassador, as usual, was both eloquent and facetious. He spoke of the first president as the illustrious champion of liberty and justice, and said that to-day, after three generations had been completed, he still remained the first of Americans in the hearts of a great people. He congratulated the grand lodge of England on having accepted George Washington as one of their patron saints, and trusted that his memory might be cherished in England, as in America, to the end of time.

The painting will remain in the Masonic library for a month or two before being placed in the picture gallery. In the meantime the library is being, as Librarian Sadler expressed it, "inundated" with citizens of the United States eager to see the portrait.

Lord Rosebery, who is in possession of what is said to be the only genuine portrait of Washington at present in England, is delighted with Mr. Hardie's work.

## Musical Notes.

The Pickanniny band in "Old Kentucky" show makes quite a hit everywhere it goes.

On Capitol hill Mr. Joshua Taylor is arranging for several musicals during the coming season. Manager Taylor was quite successful in all of his last affairs.

Washington's premier mandolin club, The Aoelins Dr. Napper director, has not as yet announced its plans for the season. It is to be hoped that this fine body of musicians will be heard in public more during the coming season.

Johnson and Dean a clever team of colored comedians are at Keith's Vaudeville Theater, New York.

From a musical standpoint local musical circles, as far as colored talent is concerned, looks very dark; there is nothing astir The city has taken a back seat in the musical arena.

The so called song services have started up again in this city. There is nothing to them simply musical farces quack, quack, quack, that is all. It would be better to call off all such services for the season of 1902.

The S. Coleridge Taylor Choral Society has resumed its fall rehearsals of "Hiawatha". The society meets each Tuesday evening at the Liacoln Memorial Church. Mr. Taylor recently scored a big success in his new musical work 'Meg Blane" at Sheffield, England.

Our own William Marion Cook has become quite a noted writer of music since locating in New York city. His latest march (two step) "On Emancipation Day is bright and catchy, and is being played by all of the leading bands of the country. A new play written by him entitled "Dahomey" was put on last week at one of the New York theaters. William and Walker play the leading parts.

Mr. James L. Johnson, basso formerly of the one time Temperance choir, is doing splendid work as director of the choir of St. Phillips chapel, Anacostia, D. C. This choir of young voices present at each service a good programme and their equal will be hard to find amongst the young talent of Washington.

In many of the choirs of the white churches in Philadelphia, Boston and New York may be found colored singers who take the leading parts as soloists and for their services they receive a handsome salary per annum. At St. Georges church New York city which the Mayor of that city, the Hon. Seth Low attends, a negro baratone singer Mr. Harry Burleigh is the principal singer. Over in Baltimore last week a colored singer Miss Constantine Brown was forced to resign from the choir of the white Presbyterian church because of the finding out of her color. This clever lady has been heard to advantage on several occasions at Dr. Grimke's 15th st. Presbyterian church, this city.

### Negro Education.

From the Nashville American.

There are intelligent colored men who hold the opinion that the education of the negro is a mistake—that negro education is of no substantal benefit to either the blacks or whites, but is rather an injury to both. We do not think so. The education of the negro is not only a benefit to him, but a benefit to the white man also. If the negroes were slaves, as was the case, it might be advisable to keep their minds in bondage. But the policy which would keep the mind of a free citizen steeped in ignorance cannot be a wise policy. Negro education is not to be considered from the standpoint of race prejudice, conscious or unconscious. Nor is it to be regarded a failure because many negroes seek education with the idea that it will enable them to live without work. Many whites seek learning with the same view. A little education has made many trifling negroes. But to hold that negro education is a failure on this account is to take a wholly superficial view.

### A WORTHY PROMOTION.

**Dr. John P. Turner Goes in the Field.**

Dr. John P. Turner whose portrait appears in this issue left this week for Pine Bluff, Ark., where he will be stationed as special examiner of the Pension Office. He has been in this field several times before, and has given so much satisfaction for efficiency of work that he has been detailed again to special work there. The press of that section has spoken of him in a most complimentary manner, as a man of fine address and eminent abilty. While his work has nothing to do with politics, he has never failed to let it be known that he is a staunch Republican and ever ready to assist in the promulgation of the glorious principles of that party. He has lived in this city for many years and during those years has by his affable manners and genial disposition gained many friends, who regret very much that he is to leave the city. He will be most greatly missed in Masonic fraternities, in which his labors have been untiring, and in which he has received unusual honors, because of his unique ability to interpret the sublime truths of this ancient and honored fraternity and his unselfish efforts to promote the interests of the order. It is generally conceded that he has few peers and no superiors in impressing the craft as to the importance of the work upon the practical things of this life, and the "fitting us for that building not made with hands, but eternal in the Heavens. He is the oldest son of Bishop H. M. Turner the senior bishop of the A. M. E. Church, but he has shown by hard study and persisted effort that it is not altogether "whence we come, but what we are" that makes us a power in this world. Indeed he is an examplar of the great truth expressed in these lines:

"The heights by great men gained and kept,
Men not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

He is among that galaxy of young men of our race that are proving what brains and energy will do and that merit and not color will be the talisman of success for us in this country. His many frends wish him continued success in his special field.

His promotion is due to first assistant commissioner J. L. Davenport.

CAPT. HAMILTON H. BLUNT,
One of the new Tammany Hall Leaders. Orator, Scholar and Politician.

## THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

### HOW IT APPEARS TO A SOUTHERN COLORED WOMAN.

From The Independent.

A noble man, who has established rescue homes for fallen women all over the country, visited a southern city. The women of the city was invited to meet him in one of the churches. The fallen women were especially invited and both good and bad went. They sat wherever they could find a seat, so long as their faces were white; but I, a respectable married woman, was asked to sit apart. A colored woman, however respectable is lower than the white prostitute. The southern white woman will declare that no negro woman are virtuous yet she places her innocent children in their care. Many times she goes on long visits of days and weeks and leaves her children with these women. No amount of discussion will alter a fact, and it is a fact that a very great number of negro women are depraved. It is also a fact that those who now condemn the negro's depravity most, help (they or their parents) to bring about this same depravity. Christain men and women of the South sold wives away from their husbands and then compelled them to live with other men. Fathers sold their own children. Beautiful girls brought large sums to their owners when sold, especially for misstresses to the fathers and brothers of these same women who now marvel that the negro is not chaste. The negro woman's immorality shows more plainly than her white sister's because she is poor and ignorant.

A few years ago, within the memory of us all, a prominent white Senator was being tried for seducing a young white girl, and it was brought out at the trial that five hundred illegitimate white chilren were born in a particular infirmary in one city in one year. This would never have been known but for the accident of this trial. The negro girl is too poor to hide her shame. Since God created men and women there has been sin and it is confined to no particular race.

A colored minister visited one of the white "temples of God." He was told that he had to sit in a chair back by the door. He appealed to the pastor of this "holy place," a man with whom he was personally acquainted, and was told by this brave pastor, "You know it is the custom for colored people to sit apart in our churches" The colored minister walked out. God gave him the power to walk "as well as pray." Bob Ingersoll could raise his voice in condemnation of our frequent horrors, but the Christian ministers of the South are dumb. They have many crimes to account for—these crimes of omission. They preach against the dance, the theaters and the social card party, but not one word do they utter when a poor black woman is butchered, a father shot down and his children and wife left destitute, for no other reason than that he was appointed postmaster. Ministers of God, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagaes, Young Men's Christian Associations, are deaf and dumb, while every week a new horror is added to the already long list.

The southerner says the negro must "keep in his place." That means the particular place the white man says is his. The southern white man is an enigma; he is full of contradictions. Social equality is riding on railroad trains with us, sitting in a church with us, going to school in the same building with us. On the the other hand there is no class of people who draw the line of social demarcation among people of his own color so sharply as the southerner. He by no means considers all white men his social equals because he rides, sits or studies with them. One of the aristocratic mothers of the South would throw up her hands in horror if she should see her daughter walking arm in arm with a poor white carpenter's daughter. Another contradiction is: A self respecting colored man who does not cringe, but walks erect, supports his family, educates his children, and by exampe and precept teaches them that God made all men equal, is called a "dangerous nigger," "he is too smart;" "he wants to be white and act like white people." Now, we are told that the negro has the worst traits of the whole human family and the southern white man the best; but we must not profit by his example or we are regarded as "dangerons niggers."

White agents and other chance visitors who come into our homes ask questions that we must not dare ask their wives. They express surprise that our children have clean faces and that their hair is combed. You cannot insult a colored woman you know.

Southern railway stations have three waiting rooms, and the very conspicuous signs tell the ignorant that this room is for "ladies," and this is for "gents" and that for the "colored" people. We are neither "ladies" nor "gents," but "colored."

There are aristocrats in crime, in poverty, and in misfortune in the South. The white criminal cannot think of eating or sleeping in the same part of the penitentiary with the negro criminal. The white pauper is just as exclusive; and altho the blind cannot see color, nor the insane care about it, they must be kept seperate, at great extra expense. Lastly, the dead white man's bones must not be contaminated with the dead black man's. I know one of the "black mammies" that the southerner speaks of, in tones low and soft who is compelled to go to the authorities of a certain southern city for a "pass" to visit a grave of a man she nursed at her breast and whose children she afterward reared. It does not matter that this old woman gave herself in slavery and out of slavery for this man and his children, she must have a "pass" to visit his grave.

Whenever a crime is committed in the South the policeman look for the negro in the case. A white man with face and hands blackened can commit any crime in the calender. The first friendly stream soon washes away his guilt and he is ready to join in the hunt to lynch the "big, black burly brute." When a white man in the South does commit a crime, that is simply one white man gone wrong. If his crime is especially brutal he is a freak or temporarily insane. If one low, ignorant black wretch commits a crime, that is different. All of us must bear his guilt. A young white boy's badness is simply the overflowing of young animal spirits; the black boy's badness is badness, pure and simple.

Young colored boys, to small for other work, who need the work more than white boys, are not allowed to sell newspapers on the streets in most of our southern cities.

When we were shouting for Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Hobson, and were on tiptoe to touch the hem of their garments, we were delighted to know that some of our Spanish-American heroes were coming where we could get a glimpse of them. Had not black men helped in a small way to give them their honors? In the cities of the south, where these heroes went, the white school children were assembled, flags were waved, flowers strewn, speeches made, and "My Country, 'Tis of The, Sweet Land of Liberty," was sung. Our children who need to be taught so much, were not assembled, their hands waved no flags, they threw no flowers, heard no thrilling speech, sang no song of their country. And this is the South's idea of justice. Is it surprising that feeling grows more bitter, when the white mother teaches her boy to hate my boy, not because he is mean, but because his skin is dark? I have seen very small white children hang their black dolls. It is not the childs fault, he is simply an apt pupil. No self respecting negro fails to condemn a mob, and espeeially for killing a suspected thief or barn burner. A negro woman is killed because she had used "abusive language. Her provocation was great. Her brother had been almost killed by a mob because he had been suspected of taking a pocketbook that had been dropped in the public road. If one of New York's "Four Hundred" gives an especially unique ball in his palatial stable, it is telegraphed and cabled around the globe. Things past, present and future stir the people of the United States; but its own citizens are butchered and burned alive and only a few mild waves of everlessening indignation sweeps by. Governors are vehement and determined (for a day) to discover the identity of the mobs of unmasked "best citizens."

When I think of these things, I exclaim, Why are we forgotten? Why does not the mistreatment of thousands of the citizens of our country call forth a strong, influential champion? It seems to me that the very weakness of the negro should cause at least a few of our great men to come to the rescue. Is it because an espousal of our cause would make any white man unpopular, or do most of our great men think that we are all worthless? Are there greater things to do than to champion the rights of human beings and to mitigate human suffering?"

The way seems dark, and the future almost hopeless, but let us not despair,

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win."

Some one will at last arise who will champion our cause and compel the world to see that we deserve justice, as other heroes compelled it to see that we deserved freedom.

[THE END.]

## WILD WESTERN BLUFF.

**How Four Daredevil Montana Troopers Made Seventy-Five Filipinos Run Away.**

What is regarded as one of the tallest "bluffs" on record furnished Capt. Edgar Russel, chief signal officer in the Philippines during the insurrection, with a story which he tells as an example of western nerve.

"We were outside of Manila in some little scrap," said the captain, "and about 75 natives were lying in a trench ahead of us, shooting away merrily, but not hitting anybody. By and by I noticed a little disturbance in our front. Presently four Montana troopers trotted out of our lines and started straight for the Filipinos. Everybody looked at them with wonder, and waited to see them all killed. Bullets whistled all around them, but they never halted. Slowly, just at a trot, they jogged on toward the enemy. The natives fired and fired, but for some unknown reason did not hit. On and on went the quartet, disdaining cover.

"At last there was a shout, and, to our utter astonishment, we beheld the 75 Filipinos suddenly jump out of their trenches and take to their heels in mad flight. The nerve of the Montana troopers was too much for them. When they all had fled, throwing their rifles away as they ran, the troopers came back, their arms full of guns. That is what the army has come to call a 'Montana bluff.' It's the sort of nerve that lets a man open a jackpot on a pair of deuces."

**New Race of Lunatics.**

A new race of lunatics is fast developing. They are the "automaniacs," who, riding in their automobiles, are indifferent regarding the rights of pedestrians, and run down anybody and everything in their way in their attempts to make speed records.

It is the custom in Sydney, Australia, to have the kitchens on the top floor of the better class of residences. In these houses the clothes are usually dried on the roof.

## FAMED AS SCULPTOR.

### Former Illinois Girl Is Winning Laurels in Europe.

**May Be Chosen to Design Proposed Monument to Cecil Rhodes—The Flattering Career of Kuehne Beveridge.**

Miss Kuehne Beveridge, the sculptor, sails from London for South Africa in a few days on business connected with the proposed monument to Cecil Rhodes. Miss Beveridge has been strongly urged to compete for the important commission.

Such men as Alfred Beit, the fabulously rich friend of Rhodes, consider the young American's chances excellent. Her acquaintance with the late statesman and her singular success in modeling his bust, for which sittings were given when Mr. Rhodes was in London for the last time, are two of Miss Beveridge's recommendations. Her rank as an artist, moreover, makes her a dignified competitor.

Miss Beveridge, says the Chicago Chronicle, has crammed an unusual amount of achievement into her 27 years of life. Few women, even Americans, have sold any sculpture before they were 18; few have passed as O'Donovan's prize pupil in New York and as Rodin's in Paris and have exhibited with the Royal academy in London at the age of 22. Miss Beveridge's work has sold, and sold well. Alfred Beit's luxurious house in Park lane, London, contains the most ambitious of her productions. It is a South African study entitled "Rhodesia." Rumor says Mr. Beit will become the owner of the Rhodes bust. Miss Beveridge completed it under Mr. Beit's criticism and he thinks the likeness remarkable.

One man who came to London from the Cape a little while ago looked at this piece of work as it stood in Miss Beveridge's studio and said:

"I feel as if I were at Groot Schuur again. We have reached that part of the dinner which is 'hohe punkt' for the day. Rhodes has just told some little story of African life and his face

KUEHNE BEVERIDGE.
(American Girl Sculptor Who Is Famous the World Over.)

wears its happiest expression, the one Miss Beveridge has put into marble. If true to its original the marble will speak in a minute and say: 'Let's have another drink.'"

Miss Beveridge goes to South Africa with her mother, Baroness Von Wrede, and her sister, Ray Beveridge Von Wrede. The last time the young sculptor was in Johannesburg she remained two weeks and came away with commissions to the amount of $30,000. On this trip, she says, she merely intends to discuss the monument question and talk to her stepfather, Baron Von Wrede, who is with the Chartered company out there.

Kuehne Beveridge is the favorite grandchild of ex-Gov. Beveridge of Illinois. She was born in the executive mansion at Springfield and is, on the Beveridge side of the family, closely related to Lyman B. Gage. One of her father's sisters is the beautiful Mrs. Raymond, wife of S. B. Raymond, of Chicago.

Ex-Gov. Beveridge, who with his wife left his adopted home in California the other day for a sprightly trip to China, is ever so proud of his talented grandchild. He corresponds with her regularly and the two constantly interchange souvenirs. Miss Beveridge thinks her grandfather is "the handsomest man in the world," and describes him as scarcely less erect, tall and slender when last she saw him than when he played with her as a child years ago at Springfield.

Many people in London who have seen the signature "Kuehne Beveridge" labor under the delusion that the young sculptor, rapidly becoming famous, is a man. She receives numerous letters addressed to "K. Beveridge, Esq." The mistake is a natural one, for Miss Beveridge's style of work is masculine in its strength. As a woman, not as an artist, this clever girl is delightfully feminine. She comes of a good-looking family, by the way. Her beauty is of a splendid, big type and is as great as that of her mother, who has always been considered an exceedingly pretty woman.

A number of girls in a factory in Derby, Conn., went on a strike because a Polish damsel scented the workroom by lunching on garlic and limburger cheese.

## They Say.

The "Jim Crow" Committee of the Grand Army Encampment has gone with Weller.

The Democratic party in Maryland will not capture the colored vote.

The officer's club is being frequently used.

Judge Kimball gave the officers a lecture in the Police Court on Monday.

There is one way to succeed and that way is to do what is right.

There are times when one should smile.

What has become of the leading negroes.

If any one can tell what the Business Men's League accomplished at Richmond, The Bee will second the motion.

The negro in America is a peculiar being. He never knows when he is hurt.

He may be able to distinguish between right and wrong some day

If you are certain in what you do, don't hesitate in doing it.

The so-called independent movement in Maryland is a bubble.

Mr. Pearrie will be elected in November the independent movement to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is so strange that no colored man can be appointed in the Police Court.

Some people can never see any good in the negro.

There should be a change in the lieutenancy of the 8th precinct.

It is always best to hear both sides of all questions before you come to a conclusion.

A good citizen is one who knows how to treat his fellow man.

A bird never flies so high that he is not compelled to come to the ground for food.

Never do anything in anger because you may do an injury to yourself.

The noblest man in the world is he who has humanity in his soul.

The next House of Representatives is in doubt.

The *Colored American* sees no office in sight, hence it put on an independent dress last week.

It is not certain how the negro will vote next fall.

Trimmers and apologists always put on peculiar uniforms.

The Bee knows its duty and hence it needs no advice from trimmers.

Colored delegates from the South will be scarce in the next Republican Convention.

The Bee will not be surprised if Georgia does not follow Alabama and North Carolina.

This is a world of deception and false doctrines.

There was not much danger in the Washington contingent being lost in the snuffle at Birmingham, Ala.

Don't be alarmed at the next political bomb that goes off.

Speaker Henderson had some reason for declining the nomination.

There will be some hot times in the next National Republican Convention.

Be truthful and then you will never go astray.

This is an age of surprises and don't you forget it.

Be what you are nothing more will be expected of you.

False faces are dangerous masks and often lead to destruction.

Cheatham will be heard from shortly and in a surprising manner.

Booker Washington loves notoriety.

President Roosevelt in his efforts to make him a leader will not succeed.

The negroes will select their own leader.

Read The Bee if you want a true Colored American and a correct Record of events.

**His Face to the Enemy.**

Yeast—They say liquor is that fellow's worst enemy.

Crimsonbeak—Yes; and he never believed in turning his back on an enemy.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Parliamentary Procedure.**

Reformer—I wish I could do something practical to improve the morals of the neighborhood in which I live.

Cynical Person—Can't you move to amend it?—Chicago Tribune.

**Method in Her Madness.**

"What on earth do you mean," her mother asked, "by urgin' your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy to encourage such extravagance?"

"I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma dear," the sweet young woman replied, "and he has always kicked so at the prices I pay."

"My darling! You always was such a hand for lookin' ahead. Let me kiss you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Strained Position.**

The fellow who wants to hold office
In quite a dilemma is found—
He can't keep his nose to the grindstone
And also his ear to the ground.
—N. Y. Times.

**A Case in Point.**

Mrs. Manning—John, I believe you are the biggest liar in the world. The fact is, you don't care a fig for me, or you wouldn't try to deceive me all this time. There was a time when you said I was the best and sweetest woman on earth.

Mr. Manning—And you believed it. Then why can't you believe the little fibs I tell you now?—Boston Transcript.

**Positively Brutal.**

Wife—I wonder if I could get a silk waist to suit my complexion?

Husband—Sure. Cutt & Slash are advertising hand-painted silks.—Chicago Daily News.

**Almost Too Generous.**

Patience—Is your minister liberal in his views?

Patrice—Oh, yes; he often preaches for two whole hours.—Yonkers Statesman.

**He Knew Her.**

Mrs. Gabbleton (at the seashore)—Must I keep my mouth closed while in the water?

Gabbleton—Yes, if possible.—Chicago Daily News.

**When Rare Queen Bess Was Gay.**

Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak in the puddle in order that Queen Elizabeth might pass over dry shod. As it was a little affair he had imported from the Bowery on his last trip abroad, the Virgin queen heard it a block off, so was able to find the spot without difficulty.

"Well done," cried a courtier, applauding the act.

"No," replied Queen Bess, "not well done, but Raleigh!"

At this her train declared they would laugh their heads off, knowing their heads would certainly come off if they didn't laugh.—N. Y. Times.

**Essential Principle Lacking.**

"So I am the fourteenth man that has proposed to you this year, am I?" the young man said, pale with chagrin and mortification. "I suppose I ought to go and suggest to the others that we get up a lovers' trust. There certainly are enough of us."

"I don't see how you could do that, Harold," she said, softly. "The 'community of interests' idea would be wholly lacking."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Reproof.**

She (walking home from church)—Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time.

He—No, my dear, can't say I did. To tell you the truth, I was half asleep most of the time.

She—Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the service must have done you, I must say.—Ally Sloper.

**Superstitions About Birds.**

Upon the graves of the dead in Turkish cemeteries little vessels of water are placed for the benefit of the birds, and some of the marble tombs have basins chiseled out for the same purpose, the superstition being that birds carry messages about the living to the dead, and, like everybody else in Turkey, are suspected of being spiteful unless something is done to curry their favor.—London Chronicle.

**The Art of Conversation.**

Conversation should not be monologue. Do not start stories, which, like those in the "Arabian Nights," cannot be told in one evening. Suggestion in conversation is everything. The charm of conversation is the unexpected.


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## CUPID AND PROPHET.

### This Story Proves That Sometimes Both Are Blind.

**Soothsayer Wanted a Wife with Wooden Leg—When She Arrived She Took Charge of Things and Ruled the Roost.**

It has never been determined quite satisfactorily that love is blind. Lovers frequently are, but whether Mr. Cupid himself is or not depends on the way he is viewed—whether he is considered a beneficent spirit or merely a mischief-making influence who is entirely unconcerned whether he does good things or not, just so he does things.

Nemee Bronson's story sustains the blind theory well, says the Chicago Tribune.

Nemee lived in Waterbury, Conn. He is skilled in fortune telling and has been esteemed a prophet with first, second, third, and goodness knows how many more "sights." Now Nemee is a prophet without honor in his own country. And it is all because he could not see his own finish. He could not see what was coming to him when it was big enough for other people to see it ten miles off.

As a result Mr. Bronson is now regretting the day he took a chance with Cupid. He was unable to lift the veil and peer into his own future. When it came to choosing a wife he was as blind as the blindest.

Several weeks ago Nemee became lonesome and approached several of his neighbors on the proposition of securing one of their daughters as a wife. None appeared enchanted with the idea. All begged to be excused from furnishing a daughter for a seeress.

Failing in this search Nemee did what men have done before him and will do after him. He advertised for a wife. He had peculiar ideas as to the qualifications a wife should have. He wanted one who was wooden legged. Nemee himself has a wooden leg, and

MRS. GRANGER APPEARED.

he believes that congenial natures are built on like plans. He also wanted one who could "cuke eggs without petrifying and flapjacks without blistering." Nemee is particular about his eggs and flapjacks.

The other requirements were that the wife should not be above 60 years of age and that she should have curly hair. It was further specified that she should be such a woman as would "reciprocate even a failing affection."

Several women answered, but when they left after their first interview with the fortune teller they never returned, and it was concluded that they had failed to fill the bill. Three weeks ago a candidate loomed up in Sioux Falls, S. D., in the person of Mrs. Anna Grange.

"I have the requisite legs and hair," she wrote, "and I would not object to a husband if he was just moderate in temper and wouldn't expect too much. I have four children, but Ben and May can farm in any place where work would keep ahead of eating expenses."

Before Nemee had time to answer the letter Mrs. Granger and her family appeared. Nemee was inclined to protest at first. She was an evident ringer. She did not even have the wooden leg. But Mrs. Grange is a woman of strong purposes. She told the fortune-teller that she had come all the way from South Dakota to answer his advertisement and she did not propose to let a little thing like a wooden leg or the lack of one prevent her from getting a husband. She had to have some return for her car fare, she said.

Nemee, being unable to read his own future in this respect, was won over by these arguments and they were married. Then his troubles began and the whole neighborhood has been watching the downfall of the prophet. During the first week of their honeymoon Mrs. Bronson forced her husband to sleep out in the front yard. Then she divided the property between herself and her children and told the prophet he would have to find lodgings outside the house. Nemee finally was reduced to sleeping in a hollow tree, where he was guarded by his dog. Then he disappeared and his neighbors fear that his failure to see what was coming to him so worked on his mind that he has committed suicide.

**What One Man Eats.**

A healthy man with a good appetite and average drinking capacity consumes during 70 years 96.5 tons of material, solid and liquid. Putting it another way, he requires over 1,280 times his own weight of nourishment in the course of his life.

**The Pope's Daily Mail.**

Every day, at the Vatican, from 20,000 to 22,000 letters are addressed to the pope.

## ROOSTER STOPS TRAIN.

**An Incident That Everybody Enjoyed Except the Conductor Who Was Indignant.**

Funnier things happen in real life than the mind of man ever conceives.

A story comes from Dunkirk, on the Lake Shore railroad, about a rooster holding up an express train, that is full of the genuine spirit of fun.

It is told by Prof. George T. Powell, director of the agricultural school at Briarcliff, N. Y., who is one of the best-known lecturers and agriculturists in that part of the country.

He tells it as follows:

"I boarded a fast Chicago express

THE ROOSTER FLEW UP.

at Dunkirk, which made no stops from there to Buffalo.

"There were many passengers in the car, and nearly all were asleep.

"Being very tired, I took a seat, leaned back and had just fallen into a doze, when I was awakened by the loud chuckle of a rooster.

"The rooster strutted wonderingly up the aisle until he came to a large, portly man, who was leaning back, with legs crossed, one knee as high as his head and still asleep.

"He took only one look and then flew up, alighting on the conspicuous knee.

"At this juncture everyone else in the car became intensely interested, and nearly all the passengers were on their feet, anxious to see what the man would do when he awoke.

"It needed only one more sound from the rooster before the stout man opened his eyes, and with a sudden start backward he threw up his hands, in astonishment, while roars of laughter came from every part of the car.

"This excitement was too much for the rooster, and with one jump he flew up on the bell rope which sagged down under his weight, and the Chicago express, thundering along at 50 miles an hour, come to such a sudden stop that many passengers were thrown from their feet in a confused muddle.

"The train had no more than came to a stop when an irate conductor came hurriedly into the car and demanded who had stopped the train.

"By that time the owner of the rooster had awakened, and, taking in the situation, reached up and gathered in the wandering bird restoring him to the bag from which he had escaped and which contained two more fowls that had not found their way out.

"The merriment was too great for any sleep from there to Buffalo.

"A man from Chicago who stopped at the hotel with me, said: 'I have been traveling for 30 years, and that is by far the funniest incident I ever saw.'"

## BELIEVED IN DESTINY.

**Sergeant Carried a Gun to Prove Absolute Truth of His Faith in Either Case.**

London papers tell this story of a sergeant of a company of British infantry quartered in a Dacoit-infested part of Burma, a few years ago who

SLIPPED GUN IN HIS POCKET.

was a firm believer in destiny. No amount of argument with his more skeptical comrades could shake his belief in the slightest, he invariably closing the controversies with the rather illogical assertion that "When a man's last day comes, it comes."

One evening, when dressing preparatory to taking a stroll in the jungle, he was noticed by a corporal, a persistent opponent of the destiny theory, to quietly slip a revolver into his pocket.

"Halloa!" shouted the corporal, who saw a chance of ridiculing the sergeant, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come."

"No," replied the sergeant, without a moment's hesitation; "but, you see, I may happen to run across a Dacoit whose last day has come."

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For Washington Junction and way points, §8.35, §9.00, a. m., §1.15, †4.30., †5.30, p. m.
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## LASH FOR INDOLENCE

### Georgia Negroes Form Unique and Determined Society.

**To Whip Those of Their Own Race Who Fail to Provide for Their Families—Much Good Already Accomplished.**

Negroes living in the neighborhood of New Providence church, a few miles from Dublin, Ga., have distinguished themselves by forming a society which for originality probably has no equal in the whole country. The society is, of course, composed entirely of negroes and has for its object the betterment of the race, the inculcation of right principle and right living in the negroes, especially those who are members of the society, and the making of better citizens of those who live in the neighborhood of the headquarters of the society.

The plan of the society is to inquire into the mode of living of its members and to correct, if possible, any defects found in the character of those who belong to the society. To that end any erring brother who fails to right any wrong he has been guilty of is, on conviction, soundly thrashed in the presence of the other members of the society.

As soon as charges are preferred against a member he is at once notified. If he corrects the evil complained of by the next regular meeting all well and good. If he fails or refuses to correct his faults as seen by members of the society, if not of all men, he is tried by court-martial. A court is formed, evidence is taken and his guilt or innocence established. The one under charge is allowed to procure counsel from among the members and is given every opportunity to prove his innocence. If proven guilty the punishment is always a whipping, which the erring one submits to with the best possible grace.

Since the formation of the society a few weeks ago three of the members have been guilty of failing to prove themselves good citizens and provident

MARK WAS WHIPPED.

husbands and have been whipped. It was reported to the society that Mark Cadwell's wife was badly in need of a wash pot. He was ordered to show cause why he had not provided his better half with this most necessary utensil. He failed to buy a pot before the trial came off or to show when tried that his wife could manage without one, and still not be put to any great amount of inconvenience. Conviction therefore, resulted and Mark was whipped. The fact that he is a brother of the secretary of the society did not save his hide.

In riding past the home of Early Burch it was seen by one of the members of the society that his front gate had fallen down. From all appearances he had made no effort to put it up, although to swing it again would require but little work and but a small outlay of money for hinges. On the trial of Early the facts were brought out that the gate had been down some weeks and that his wife had made repeated efforts to get her husband to take more pride in the care of his home. Conviction followed and Early will remember a long time the corporal punishment he received at the hands of the other members of the society.

The next meeting of the society will be held at an early date and it is said that at that time several members will be tried if previously they do not correct the things complained of. One of the members, Lewis Burch by name, has been summoned to show cause why he has not provided a tackle for his well so that his wife can draw water with more ease than at present. It is said that the society is doing a world of good in the neighborhood where it has headquarters. It is making better citizens of the blacks who are members.

Even those who have not joined have caught the spirit of the thing and are trying to live the lives of more useful citizens and to take better care of their homes and their families. The white people living near New Providence church in no way interfere with the workings of the society. They are well-wishers in the object of the society and hope that its results will be far-reaching. They are watching with much interest the results, but are offering no suggestions, preferring that the negroes work out their own salvation in this unique way if that is their purpose and intention. The existence of this strange society, says the Chicago Chronicle, is vouched for by James Roach and other reputable white men living near New Providence church.

**Now Noon Comes at 12 M.**

Since the fall of the Campanile in Venice, the gun that used to announce noon and sunset is silent.

## WOMAN BEATS SHARK.

**Jumped Overboard to Save Her Line and Towed the Monster to Shallow Water.**

Mrs. Mary Foley, at Walnut Beach, Conn., is the champion fisherwoman of the colony of summer residents. She captured a five-foot shark, but it took her an hour to accomplish the task, and she was obliged to jump out of her boat to save her tackle.

Mrs. Foley and a party of women friends went out to catch bluefish off Charles island. Soon after dropping their lines overboard Mrs. Foley felt a tug. She thought she had hooked a large bluefish, but when she attempted to land it she was unable to do so.

FELT A TUG.

When the monster found that he was caught he began to lunge, and the line swished back and forth through the water and Mrs. Foley's fingers were burned in deep ridges.

There were but a few more yards of the line left on the reel, and Mrs. Foley, realizing that she would lose line, fish and all if she did not do something, jumped overboard. She is an expert swimmer, and knowing that her friends in the boat would keep close to her, she felt no fear.

The fish continued to lunge through the water, but was slowly tiring, and Mrs. Foley was gradually working him to the shallow water off Charles island. Finally she was able to reach the bottom with her feet, and then the fact that the fish was a shark became apparent.

The occupants of the boat rowed up close, and after considerable punching and beating with the oars managed to kill the shark. The catch was taken aboard the boat and the women triumphantly rowed back to Walnut Beach, three miles away.

Mrs. Foley says she enjoyed the exciting experience greatly, but she would not care to tackle a much larger shark for fear of being pulled out to sea.

## BUTTONED TO LAMP POST.

**Plight of a Professor Who Had Indulged Too Freely in Gay Birthday Festivities.**

"The members of a certain learned society," says the Pittsburg Bulletin, "had been indulging in birthday festivities, and when dinner and the subsequent enjoyments were over Prof. Jones started off to trudge the half-mile or so to his home. The professor is a very clever man, and noted for the

UNABLE TO MOVE.

keeness of his intellect. The excitement and the unusually hearty dinner, followed by the abstruse discussion in which he had been engaged, had given him a headache; so, approaching an electric light post, he pressed his throbbing brow against the cool iron. Thus he stood for a few minutes. Then, feeling a little chilly, he buttoned his overcoat preparatory to proceeding on his way home, but, to his horror, when he attempted to leave the post he found himself unable to move. A brain such as the professor's works quickly, and the reason for his detention soon seemed clear. Evidently the current which fed the lamp above had become diverted from its course and was passing through his body, binding him to the post in the process. Death, ghastly and horrible, stared him in the face. Gradually his backbone would become dissolved to a jelly, and while the awful process was going on he must stand there as helpless as a butterfly pinned to a cork. This attracted the attention of a policeman, who hurried up, and then, shaking with laughter, listened to the professor's explanation. When he had finished the policeman unfastened the professor's overcoat from the post, round which he had inadvertently buttoned it."

**Big Hedge of Sweet Peas.**

In Rockland, Me., there is a hedge of sweet peas that measures 1,700 feet.

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### Political Mountebanks.

The *Indianapolis World*, like the THE BEE, is tired of seeing the parade of political mountebanks. The great trouble with the negro race today is, there are too many political mountebanks endeavoring to control political sentiment in that race by subterfuge and demagoguery. Editors who ought to know better and do know better, but for mercenary and selfish motives, see wrongs perpetrated against their people, don't attempt to condemn them, because they have been promised some political job or because they are given a bit of "filthy lucer." The negro race is being deceived by these political mongels who condemn honest men because they fearlessly express themselves and point out the wrongs perpetrated upon the race. The negro need not have any fear, to the extent, that every white man is inimical to his interest and he need not come to the conclusion that every white man wants to fool him The lily white party in the South died before it was born and notwithstanding the retreat of those who fathered that movement, there are negro editors in this country, today, making excuses for the diabolical wrongs perpetrated upon the negro. Honest men in the negro race are ostrocised and condemned by the political mountebanks. It is not presumed that ignorant negroes will be appointed to office any more than ignorant white men. It is not expected that men who are ignorant be permitted to vote. But, in disfranchising voters all should be treated alike. There are many intelligent colored men in the South. The democratic party South is in possession of all that it lost. That party has nothing to lose at this time. The negro slave who was once the property of the slave holder and who regarded him a precious article has no more use for him now since he is not controlable. The ex-slave owners whose decendants are the democratic party, today, have adopted methods South to eliminate the negro are those who are the decendents of the once enslaved; who have not direct control of the negro, is placed in a submissive position where his vote is non effective. The negro feeds himself now, whereas in former years he was fed by his master. Every white man South is not opposed to the negro any more than every white man North. There are "Judas Iscoriots" among the negroes who have them all to persue one trade or business. These false admirers are controlled by men who are opposed to the progress of the negro. They are political mountebanks, leaders for revenue only and discriminated apologists. THE BEE is more surprised at the attitude of the New York *Age* than any other journal edited by the negro. There are but few "crooked" Editors in this country who are ready and willing to sell the devil in their offices.

There is one or two things that negro editors have not learned and that is to be manly. No man can be an honest Editor holding an office or expecting one. He will not condemn wrong in high places but becomes frightened at his own shadow in the day light. Let us get rid of the political mountebanks

### Do We Need a New Leadership?

It is a question among the negroes whether they are in need of a new leadership and whether the present one is not more of a hinderance than a benefit. Booker T. Washington, the man whom the white people want to lead the negroes is "persona non grata" so far as the masses are concerned. He can make a grand stand play and fool those or play in the hands of those who are opposed to the negro There are some fools in this country who are of the opinion that a man is great because a president support him, Some presidents are after a man weaker politically than the men they support. It is the people to whom we must look and not men who have at times the distribution of patronage. Some men are influenced by patronage and have no opinion of their own, The question now is do we need a new leader? If we do what shall that leadership be? What kind of a leadership shall it be? Shall it be an office holder or a man not encumbered with an office? Shall he be called by the people or shall he be self made? These are the questions that should be considered man. The negro is in such a condition that he cannot trust himself. There is at this time some some kind of a leadership that has no following neither has it a fixed purpose. It is cowardly and humiliating.

### The Negro Problem.

The above is the caption of an article that apppeared in a journal edited by white men called the *Independent* and reproduced in The Bee. The first portion of the article was published in The Bee last week and it is concluded in this week's issue. It should be read by every one because it was written by a well educated southern colored woman. An article will appear in the next week's issue of The Bee written by a white woman who takes opposite views and it is an article that every negro should read. It is the opinion of a white woman what the southern negro is and what she thinks of the servant and educated negro. It seems as if the educated southern negro is more offensive to this woman than the common negro servant. She doesn't believe that any negro woman is virtious and neither is any negro entitled to the respect of any white person. Don't fail to read next week's Bee and see what other people's opinion is of the negro woman.

The Hanna, Foraker and Fairbanks combination in the West is doing great work.

The lily white party died before it was born.

You can always catch a man's sentiments if you fill his stomach

Apologies from negro editors are now in order.

The Armstrong Industrial School has been dedicated.

Why not name the next negro school the Brooks school. No man worked harder for upbuilding of the negro schools than the late Jno. H. Brooks. By all means let us have a Brooks and a Syphax school.

When invitations were issued for the dedicatory exercises of the Armstrong school many of the ex-colored trustees were ignored. Why was this? Will some one explain?

Prof. James M. Gregory, of Bordentown is regarded to be one of the leading educators in the country.

Those who are dissatisfied with the present management of the schools are those who opposed the old management. You should have let well enough alone.

A good military company should be organized at Howard University.

Editor Fortune should rise and explain He is a sensible fellow altho he changes sometimes.

It is a dangerous thing to ignore a person because he loses his power temporarily. Wrong soon dies and right is bound to prevail.

The death of the lilly white party in the South has caused as much jolification among the simon pure republicans, as did the hanging of Buchanan in Texas.

Jim Buchanan who was hange at Nacogdoches. Tex., October the 17th did not repent for the crime that he had committed. He was dispatched in lightening order to satisfy a hungry mob.

## HINT FOR YOUNG MEN.

**Career of Milton E. Ailes Shows What Perseverance and Intelligence Can Accomplish.**

In the career of Milton E. Ailes, assistant secretary of the treasury, the youth of the United States have a most striking example of what persistent effort, intelligent and faithful adherence to duty and the possibilities of our form of government offer to them. Not yet 35 years of age, he occupies a position second only to that of a member of the president's cabinet, in a department which demands, perhaps, more of its

MILTON E. AILES.
(One of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury.)

administrative heads than any other division of the government.

Attention was first called to Mr. Ailes when, as a young man, he was acting as assistant messenger in the office of the commissioner of internal revenue. One afternoon Mr. Charles Chesley, who was at the head of that department late in the 80's, was passing in front of his office where Ailes was stationed and discovered him with his elbows on each side of a formidable-looking, sheepskin-bound volume, his head between his hands. Mr. Chesley looked over the young man's shoulder, glanced at the pages and ejaculated:

"Humph! Blackstone, eh? Night school at the National university? Keep it up and you won't be a messenger in the government service long."

A week later the assistant messenger was given a desk in the corner of Mr. Chesley's office, and there he was stationed until an opportunity came for him to take the civil service examination for a law clerk, with a salary grade of $1,000 a year. From this his advancement was rapid, until he was appointed to his present position by President McKinley.

He—How charmingly you sing.
She—Do you really think so?
He—Oh, yes, indeed, I never listen to you without wishing you were where my folks in Colorado could hear you.—Chicago American.

**Town of Early Marriages.**

Rhosllanerchrugog, North Wales, probably holds the record for early marriages. The place is a thriving mining town of about 10,000 population. The majority of the marriages are contracted when the bridegroom is from 18 to 20 years of age, and the bride generally about two years younger. The marriages, as a rule, are happy ones, for the young miner of 18 or 20 is able to earn a splendid wage. After a few months of married life the young husband's whole ambition is to build himself a house. He himself does most of the building work.

## Snap Shots:

If a man is appointed dog catcher, in this city, he is styled "Judge" before six weeks.

There is no doubt of the election of Representative Sidney Mudd and Pearre next month

Mrs. Curtis had no more to do with taking Rev. Newman out of the field than an African negro.

There is nothing more disgusting than imitators. Some negro office holders are great imitators.

The Federalist is the name of a new paper published at New Albany, Ind. It is a newsy and spicy four page paper. May it live and prosper, is the wishes of The Bee.

It is gratifying to know that the Armstrong Industrial School was particularly edified(?) last Friday afternoon when Booker Washington made his talk. Who will be the next trimmer to speak?

The Manual Training School of this city had Booker Washington to speak last Friday afternoon. It is not likely that he made trimmers and apologists of the industrial pupils by his talk The Bee is unable to state how much effect his speech had on those who heard him.

## NAMED THE INDORSERS.

**Carroll D. Wright Inaugurated Unique Way of Treating Unworthy Appointees.**

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, whose report on the great coal strike has been so widely discussed, caused some consternation among politicians of a certain class shortly after his appointment by President Cleveland. The story used to be related with great glee by Secretary Lamar, under whom the bureau of labor then came. When the bureau was first started a man from a western state was strongly recommended for an important position in

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.
(For Many Years United States Commissioner of Labor.)

the new organization. He had the indorsement of labor leaders, of judges of the courts and of members of both houses of congress. The only regret felt by those who read the words of commendation in his indorsements was that a still higher post was not open for so singularly meritorious a personage. His appointment was accordingly agreed upon. But as soon as his name went out by the Associated Press a flood of protests came in, alleging that the man was an ex-convict and wholly unworthy of the place.

Secretary Lamar was much exercised about the matter and asked Col. Wright what he thought of doing.

"I purpose," was the answer, "to dismiss the man at once and then give to the press in the afternoon the names of all the persons who have indorsed him for this place."

"Do you dare to do that?" questioned the secretary of the interior.

"I certainly do. I do not intend to be bunkoed into appointing ex-convicts to office and having the persons who indorsed them escape."

On the list issued to the press appeared the very judge who had tried this man. It also became known that the man was not only an ex-convict, but was then under indictment on another charge.

The day after the publication of the list of indorsers a congressman was appealing urgently for an appointment of a friend, when Mr. Cleveland, with the utmost seriousness, remarked: "I suppose if your friend should go wrong you would be perfectly willing to have your name printed in connection with what you are saying to me to-day. One of the new rules of this administration, you know, is that when a federal appointee goes to the bad we give out to the press a complete list of those who indorsed him."

## FIGHT IN WISCONSIN.

**Gov. La Follette Wants to Secure a Legislature That Will Be Loyal to Him.**

Gov. Robert M. La Follette, who controls the republican organization in Wisconsin, and has been renominated for chief executive of the

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.
(Governor of Wisconsin and Candidate for Reelection.)

state, is fighting to secure a legislature which will be loyal to him. If he wins, it means the enactment into law of all the principles he has advocated; it means also the complete overthrow of Senator Spooner's power, as well as that of Postmaster General Henry C. Payne. The party platform demands that Senator Spooner shall be a candidate for reelection, but that he shall stand on La Follette's platform, indorse the primary election plan and the equalization of taxes and call off his friends who have been opposing the governor.

**Had Married Fifty Times.**

Prempeh's mother, now a prisoner with the deposed king of Ashantee at Elmina, has had 50 husbands, all of whom, with one exception, were put to death by her orders.

## DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

### How a Little Colored Boy Fooled a Washingtonian.

**He Purposely Misinterpreted the White Man's Words and Made Him Do All the Rowing—Later On He Roared.**

"The juvenile Afro-American mind has pretty nearly as many kinks as the wool on the Afro-American head," remarked a man just back from his vacation to a Washington Star reporter. "I've been spending three weeks down near Wakefield, Vt., loafing, fishing and exploring the country so intimately connected with the early days of George Washington. I put in most of my afternoons fishing for rock perch, taylors and other lower Potomac inhabitants. The fishing was easy—I just yanked the old flat-bottomed skiff out to a point in the river that looked good for fishing, threw my shrimp-baited hook overboard and hauled 'em in pretty fast. No work at all connected with fishing down there, except the rowing. The first couple of days' rowing blistered my hands pretty badly, and I didn't feel very much like tackling the oars on the second day. Yet I wanted to fish all the same. So I started for the river with the idea that I might be able to pick up some darky whom I could engage to pull my skiff.

"The only individual of color that I met on my way to the river was an extremely diminutive and very black boy, not much bigger than a pickaninny, who was throwing rocks at a vacated bird's nest in a roadside tree.

"'Want to go fishing, son?' I said to the boy.

"'Yessuh,' he replied, without any hesitation.

"'Come along, then,' said I, and he trudged along with me to the river's brink.

"I didn't think to ask him until we'd reached the skiff whether he could row or not.

"'Can you row, boy?' I asked him, as he followed me into the boat.

"He looked at me in a puzzled kind of

"WANT TO GO FISHING, SON?"

way, and it was about half a minute before he replied.

"'No, suh,' he said then.

"I was disappointed, of course, but I didn't want to turn the little chap away after his anticipations of a fishing trip had been aroused, and I concluded that he'd keep me from getting lonesome out on the water, anyway.

"So I picked up the oars myself, pulled out to the point near some fishermen's stakes, where I had fished the day before, and started in to fish. They didn't appear to bite very well that day, though, and I rowed to another spot. Not much luck in that place, either—you've got to get the tide just right down there on the lower Potomac or you can't entice a fish with chocolate creams—and so I yanked the clumsy, old flat-bottomed skiff to still another spot. My blistered hands were pretty sore by this time, but I was bound and determined to get some fish one way or another, and so I kept right on rowing from spot to spot for the greater part of the afternoon.

"Finally, when my arms ached pretty badly and my palms felt as if they had had holes burnt in them with sulphuric acid, I made a spot where the fish just fell over themselves in their efforts to grab my hook first. I corralled dozens of fine, nifty rock fish. When the sun started to go down I said to the black boy, who was successfully fishing himself up at the bow of the skiff: 'One more and then enough for the day.'

"I caught the 'one more,' got him off my hook, pulled up the piece of scrap iron that served for an anchor, and was about to take the oar seat to pull for the shore when I felt the skiff moving. I looked around, and there was that diminutive black boy seated in the oar seat pulling the boat like a veteran—and I had been increasing the size of those hand blisters by rowing all the afternoon.

"'Look here, boy,' said I sternly, to the little darky, 'I thought you told me before we started out that you couldn't row?'

"He looked at me with vast amusement.

"'No, suh, Ah didn't mean that, suh,' he said. 'Ah thought yo' all meant could Ah roah—roah lak uh lion!'"

**The Duck and Ducklings.**

When a glacier dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic seas, it never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions. The Esquimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and anyone who has watched the progress of the elder duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name.

## YOUNGEST ALDERMAN.

**George B. Berry, Jr., Nine Months Old, Honorary Member of the Kansas City Council.**

Perhaps the youngest member of any city council is George B. Berry, Jr., of Kansas City, who is nine months old. Recently when the young Mr. Berry was voted honorary membership in the upper house of the Kansas City council the only objection urged had been that the young man might not have attained the dignity that was supposed to attach to a "city father."

"It occurs to me," said Alderman Sloan, in offering a tentative opposition, "that while some of the present members of this house are bald and in that respect would afford

GEORGE B. BERRY, JR.
(Youngest Member of Any City Council in Civilized World.)

company to the junior Berry, still they have the memory of a lost prestige—they have taken the time to raise hair at any rate."

Alderman Berry, the elder, rose reluctantly to answer Mr. Sloan.

"Far be it from me," said Mr. Berry, "to speak in praise of my own prodigy—or progeny—any one will do in this case, I reckon, Mr. Chairman—but," and Mr. Berry cast a look of scorn at Alderman Sloan; "but, when I hear the statement insinuated in seductive parlance that my son hasn't raised hair I want to say, sir, that he has raised my hair many a night, sir, many a night. And I want to tell these respectable aldermen that he has raised more than besides hair; he has raised more than besides hair, sir. Why, that little rascal can raise more—Mr. Chairman, he's the sweetest, cunnin'est little angel under the shinin' blue sky, but let me tell you he can howl; let me tell you he can talk to 'em."

Mr. Berry sat down. Mr. Sloan, says the Kansas City Star, asked that his objections be expunged from the record and moved "that the election of Mr. George B. Berry, Jr., as an honorary member of this house be made unanimous."

The motion carried.

## SAGINAW HAS CINCH.

**Michigan's Three Candidates for Governor Are All Citizens of the Same Town.**

Whichever way the political cat jumps this fall some citizen of Saginaw, Mich., will be sure to have hold of its tail and land in the governor's chair at Lansing. There are no less than three candidates for governor, all living and doing business right here in this enterprising city.

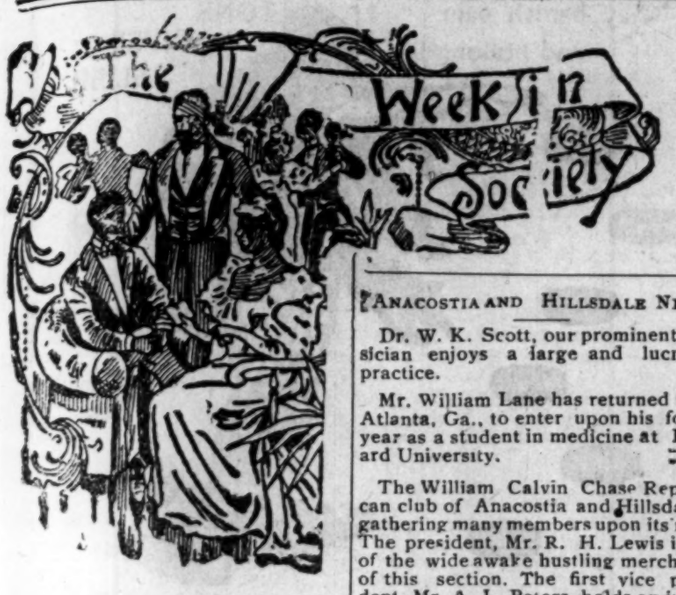
Aaron T. Bliss, the present governor, is a candidate for reelection. Lorenzo T. Durand is the democratic candidate for governor. Martin Cooney, a furniture manufacturer,

LORENZO T. DURAND.
(Democratic Candidate for Governor of Michigan.)

who once ran for mayor of Saginaw, is now the socialist labor candidate for governor.

L. T. Durand, who has just been chosen by the democratic state central committee as candidate for governor, in place of his brother, Judge G. H. Durand, resigned on account of illness, was for two terms prosecuting attorney, and since 1897 has been president of the Saginaw board of education. He has had a large private law practice and has given little attention to politics. Mr. Durand was born in New York in 1848, but has lived in Michigan since 1850. His primary [illegible] was received in the S[illegible] and his [illegible]

So keen is an elephant's sense of smell that he can scent a human being at a distance of a thousand yards.




Miss Martha Liggons is one of the enterprising workers of Galbraith church.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell gave a reception at her residence on last Tuesday evening.

Miss Cook has resigned the principalship of Garnet school and gone to Baltimore, Md.

The Native Washingtonians are preparing for a series of receptions during the holidays.

Mr. Harry Harris of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing will leave the city for Chicago, Ill., tomorrow evening. He will be gone until after the election.

Mr. James M. Foster has returned from Philadelphia, Pa., where he has been on a visit to see his sister. He had a most delightful time. Mr. Foster is one of the most genial young men is this city.

Mr. E. Murray was the successful applicant out of quite a number for cafe in the Treasury department. Mr. Murray is one of the best known business men in the city.

Prof. F. L. Cardoza, Jr., has resigned the Presidency of the Bethel Literary. There is some talk of electing Mr. Geo. W. Jackson to succeed him. Mr. Jackson is a popular young man and his election to the presidency would no doubt increase the membership of the society.

Full particulars of the reception of Mr George Wilde, Grand Secretary of Odd Fellows, of the world will appear next week.

The marriage of Miss Marion T. Green to Mr. Andrew J. Payne took place at Shiloh Baotist Church on last Wednesday evening in the presence of one of the most distinguished invited guests that ever assembled in that beautiful church. Miss Green is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Green well known in this city. The bride was a clerk in the treasury dept., and very popular among all who knew her. The scene on Wednesday evening was a most beautiful one. The ladies of the treasury department occupied seats together and on the opposite side of these ladies was ex-secretary Vanderlif, under whom the father of the bride was employed when Mr Vanderlif was assistant secretary of the treasury. There were many other distinguished treasury officials present with their wives which showed the high esteem in which the couple was held. At eight o'clock the bride entered the church on the arm of her father, who were followed by the bridal party, except the groom who met the affiance at the altar. Rev. J. Anderson Taylor performed the ceremony, after which the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bridal party 1910 Vermont ave where a reception was held from 8:30 to 11 o'clock.

They will be at home Tuesday evening November 4th from 8 to 10 o'clok 1519 Pierce Place, N. W.

### Anacostia and Hillsdale News.

Dr. W. K. Scott, our prominent physician enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

Mr. William Lane has returned from Atlanta, Ga., to enter upon his fourth year as a student in medicine at Howard University.

The William Calvin Chase Republican club of Anacostia and Hillsdale is gathering many members upon its rolls. The president, Mr. R. H. Lewis is one of the wide awake hustling merchants of this section. The first vice president, Mr. A. L. Peters, holds an important position with the Southern Railway service.

Dr. Frederick S. Phillips of Wilmington, Del., was a visitor during the past week to his mother Mrs. Laura Phillips of Howard Aye. Dr. Phillips is connected with Dr. Elbert's drug store of Wilmington, Del. Henry Phillips a brother of the doctor also returned home from Boston, Mass.

Home parties have started quite lively in this village, within the space of two weeks, at the homes of mesdames Anderson and Hamilton on Morris road and Mrs. Wills on Howard ave. Delightful parties have assembled for an evening's pleasure in music and dancing.

The Suburban club of which Mr Henry Sayles is president, is making plans for the entertainment of its friends during the holidays.

This section is well represented in the corps of teachers of the public schools of Washington, viz: Misses Georgia Simpson, Shippen, and Smith, Messrs. Garnet Wilkinson, Abe Smith, Joseph Lucas and John Bruce.

Two colored members of the Metropolitan police force reside in this section, officers William E. Stewart and Waters, both brave and efficient officers. Sergeant Richard Anderson who has charge of the precinct here speaks in the higest terms of officer Stewart's bravery. Officer Waters is stationed in Sonth Washington and recently saved a brother officer's life by shooting a prisoner who attempted to kill policeman Lester in bloodfield.

Prior to going away to the conference of the C. M. E. church, Rev. War pastor of the Hillsdale church, was tendered a complimentary reception at the residence of Mr. Solomon Brown, on Elvan ave., Friday evening last. There was a large attendance and a pleasant evening was spent. The wish of the members is that the conference will see fit to return their able and popular pastor for another term.

**Nightingales in Competition.**

An annual nightingale competitive concert is held in various cities of Japan. The main feature of the quaint recreation is to bring together some tame nightingales of melodious voice, according to the accepted standard of the connoisseurs; and to let each of them sing in turn. By this singing the grade of the songsters is determined.

**Colors of Various Lakes.**

Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued; the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blu

## THE SAXE-COBURGS.

**Princess Beatrice, Oldest Unmarried Daughter of the House, Is Liked by High and Low.**

The residents of Nice have be particularly interested this se in the royal household at the Fabron. Here the widowed duc of Saxe-Coburg—so long known the duchess of Edinburgh—has been living with two of her daughters and the charming little grandaughter, Princess Elizabeth, who is at the winning age of seven. The duchess will now spend some time, it is expected, in St. Petersburg, the home of her early childhood.

She loves to get away from the trammels of etiquette and picnic on

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG.
(One of the Most Charming of King Edward's Many Nieces.)

Dartmoor with her mother and sisters. It was on one of these occasions that one of the princesses fell into the stream near Shaugh bridge and had to borrow some dry clothes at a neighboring cottage from a woman who never dreamed she was lending them to a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. When they were eventually returned a gift which revealed the identity of the royal borrower was sent as a memento of an amusing contretemps.

Princess Beatrice has lately passed her eighteenth birthday, and if she follows the example of her three sisters in the matter of an early marriage her betrothal may soon be expected. She is a great favorite with her English relatives.

## TRICKS OF BEGGARS.

**One Chicago Mendicant Uses a Broom to Mislead Policemen Who May Be Watching.**

"Beggars are the smoothest people on earth," said a North side policeman, standing on the corner in the shade of a tall flat building the other afternoon, to a Chicago Tribune reporter. "Just watch that fellow across the street. He looks like a janitor or a laboring man, doesn't he? Well, he is a beggar, and a mighty crafty one, too."

The person indicated was apparently dusting off the sidewalk in front of an apartment house with an old, worn

CAUGHT THE STRANGER'S STEP.

out broom. His hair was gray and his clothes had seen much wear.

"There comes a man," continued the policeman, "and if that fellow doesn't know I'm watching him I will show you his game."

The old fellow with the broom got exceedingly busy as the pedestrian approached him. He swept the walk back and forth in brisk fashion until the passerby reached his side and then quit work and caught the stranger's step, following him for 25 or 30 feet. The pedestrian was half inclined to stop, but changed his mind, and with a decisive nod of the head hurried on.

"Do you see through the trick," the policeman asked. "That fellow's broom is his disguise. He is an old timer and I have watched him work a dozen times. He selects fashionable residence districts of the city, begins to sweep the walk in front of some big apartment house, and when the men and women come along he pours his pitiful plea into their ears. If a policeman happens to be watching him and he is aware of the fact he simply keeps on sweeping while pedestrians pass and then changes his location. He certainly has an ingenious brain and I imagine the game pays him pretty well."

COTTON HANDS WANTED.

We desire to insert an advertisement in each Afro-American newspaper. Publishers please send rates to New Cotton Fields, Limited 43 Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, England.

## CURIOUS LITTLE TALES.

Sir Frederick Pollock, an English jurist of high standing, is desirous of obviating some possible international difficulties hereafter. He desires that the European powers shall formally recognize and indorse the Monroe doctrine.

Bishop Cecil Wilson, the other day at Portsmouth, England, captained a cricket eleven made up of the local clergy against a team of officers chosen from the Royal Marine artillery. The bishop's side won, making 122 runs, of which he contributed 18.

When Representative DeArmond, of Mississippi, was in the Philippines, he took a number of snapshot pictures. After he had developed and mounted them he put this indorsement on each card: "Made by the firm of David A. DeArmond & Sun."

Congressman Mercer, while making the rounds of one of the departments last week, asked a subordinate how he liked his chief and was told that the official in question never gave any trouble, but always signed everything submitted to him. Mr. Mercer doubted this, whereupon the subordinate offered to bet a box of cigars that the chief would sign his own resignation. A document of the required character was slipped into a pile of letters and laid on the chief's desk. In a few minutes the correspondence was brought back and it was found that Mr. Mercer lost the cigars.

**The Soul of Courtesy.**

She—Was papa kind to you?

He—Oh, very considerate. After he got through with me he rang for an ambulance.—Town Topics.

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**Latest Thing in Meters.**

A telephone meter has been invented by Thomas Baret, of Sydney, N. S. W. It begins to record time the moment the telephone is used, and ceases when the receiver is hung up. The object is to make each patron pay for the exact time he has used it, and not for the number of messages.

**Town of Morphine Fiends.**

Morphine is used extensively in the town of Juana Diaz, in Porto Rico. It is estimated by the insular board of health that out of the 2,540 inhabitants, 1,000 are victims of this terrible habit.

**The Whole Thing Again.**

"Bixby seems to think he's the whole thing as an expert authority on sporting matters."

"Yes. He appears to regard himself as pretty nearly big enough to wear golf links to fasten his shirt cuffs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Women Rarely Die Suddenly.**

Sudden deaths among men are eight times greater than those among women.

**Wrong Kind of Insurance.**

The insurance of the lives of children is forbidden in Montreal, on the ground that many parents neglect their sick offspring when they know they will profit by their death.

## SEEN IN THE STORES.

Mauve and pink furniture is one of the latest artistic fancies—mauve wood, pink, satin, brocade and curtains shot with both colors and figured with flowers.

Pretty nut bowls of wood, decorated with burnt woodwork and resting on three short supports, are not only desirable but seem particularly adapted to the use intended.

One of the prettiest plants for home decoration shown by the florists is a begonia with delicate pale pink blooms that intermingle with the dark-green leaves in a way that delights the eye.

The newest side comb is the horseshoe comb and comes in light and dark tortoise shell. Then there are combs with rope-coiled tops and jeweled evening combs that cost a small fortune.

Superstitions concerning the opal have evidently died a natural death, if one may judge from the many that are shown. The demand for this lovely stone is steady, and though the Hungarian opals are the finest, many of lesser value are used as settings for brooches, rings, hatpins and stickpins and are much sought.

It is particularly noticeable in the china shops that the old-fashioned white china with gilt is becoming popular. These sets are almost duplicates of the old-fashioned "tea sets" of our grandmothers' early days, and come in the old-fashioned shapes, made of fine clear ware. Of course this ware is costly, and therefore the woman who has retained as a family heirloom her grandmother's set is fortunate.

## CHARLES F. MURPHY.

**Man Just Elected to Leadership of Tammany Hall Is a Forceful Politician.**

Charles F. Murphy is one of the youngest and yet one of the best trained leaders in Tammany hall. Born on the East side 41 years ago, he worked as a car driver for several years, and then became interested in the liquor business, which he quit three years ago after he had amassed a considerable fortune.

Early in life he became interested in politics, and joined the County democracy and followed that faction into Tammany Hall. With the death

CHARLES F. MURPHY.
(The New Leader of Tammany Hall Democracy, New York.)

of Senator "Eddie" Hagan he succeeded to the leadership of the Eighteenth district, where he has developed an organization as compact as any—even the far-famed Twenty-eighth — in the city. He never held office except in the Van Wyck administration, when he was a dock commissioner.

In appearance Mr. Murphy is youthful far below his years. His voice is mild and his manner quiet and he has a pronounced habit of never talking until he has something to say and then not telling more than he wants one to know. He was recently married and lives in unpretentious style in East Seventeenth street, facing Stuyvesant square.

The new leader might be taken for a priest at first glance. His smooth-shaven face, the high, straight collar he wears, the black necktie, the dark clothing help along the idea.

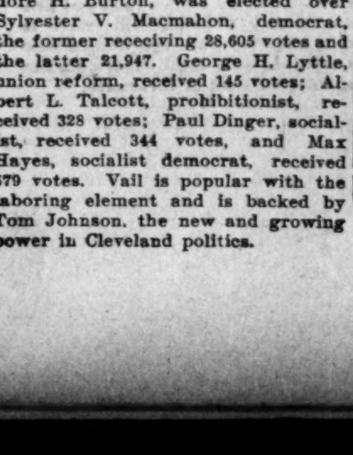
But inspection shows that his face lacks something that is apparent in the faces of all priests—the expression that comes from submission. There is nothing in the face of Charles F. Murphy to indicate that he would submit to anybody. It is a fearless face, the face of a commander of men.

He has a hard gray eye and thin lips. When he smiles two funny little wrinkles form in his chin, one on each side. He has a pleasant smile, but he does not smile often. It might be said that he has two smiles—one he uses when he amuses himself and the other when somebody else amuses him. There is a difference in the smiles, but it cannot be explained on paper.

## FROM FORGE TO FORUM.

**Edward G. Vail, a Cleveland Blacksmith, Will Strive to Be Elected to Congress.**

Edmund G. Vail, a blacksmith of Cleveland, O., and one of the prominent members of the Tom Johnson faction, will endeavor to represent



EDMUND G. VAIL.
(Cleveland's Popular Blacksmith Candidate for Congress.)

the Twenty-first Ohio district in congress next term. He has announced himself as a candidate and will make the race. The district comprises the county of Cuyahoga and 27 wards of the city of Cleveland. He is a blacksmith employed in the shops of the American Shipbuilding company in Cleveland, but is well known for his liberal and even radical views in politics and economics. Mr. Vail many years ago was a congressional candidate on the nationalist ticket. He has written and lectured freely in the interest of the workingmen.

The present congressman, Theodore H. Burton, was elected over Sylvester V. Macmahon, democrat, the former receciving 28,605 votes and the latter 21,947. George H. Lyttle, union reform, received 145 votes; Albert L. Talcott, prohibitionist, received 328 votes; Paul Dinger, socialist, received 344 votes, and Max Hayes, socialist democrat, received 579 votes. Vail is popular with the laboring element and is backed by Tom Johnson, the new and growing power in Cleveland politics.

## BATTLE WITH ADDER

**Rich Prize Secured by a Connecticut Snake Hunter.**

**When He Had the Reptile by the Tail, and Three Other Men Took Hold, It Still Put Up a Tremendous Fight.**

The largest adder ever caught in Connecticut has, according to the New York Sun, been taken alive by Otto Lehmann and C. E. Potter, of East Glastonbury. It is ten feet and more in length and weighs 12 pounds.

The East Glastonbury country is very wild. Cat House Mountain, where the adder was caught, has deep ravines in which the sun never shines. As years sometimes go by without a man entering them they are a paradise for reptiles. The mountain gets its name from a little log house where trappers lived years ago when hunting wildcats. No man had entered the particular ravine where the big snake was caught in ten years.

Lehmann found the other day a skin which measured eight feet in length. It had evidently been discarded recently. Knowing that snakes with new skins are tender and sore, he thought that the time had come for capturing the reptile. So he immediately organized a party which included Tax Collector Douglas, a farmhand named Kinnery Potter and himself. Along in the afternoon he spotted the snake in the scrub timber. It was just 15 feet in front of him.

About the time that Lehmann discovered the snake the adder became acquainted with Lehmann's presence. It started to run toward the rocks ahead. "I thought he was going a mile a minute," said Lehmann. He made a wild dive and grabbed the adder about six inches from the tail. The snake didn't stop, though Lehmann, who weighs 170 pounds, held on. It pulled him right

WENT THROUGH A CREVICE.

along to a stone wall and went through a crevice.

"I braced my head against a stone and got a new grip," said Lehmann, "and hollered for help. Potter is a bit deaf, but he came to my rescue."

Potter got a hold on the snake just below the head. The others of the party got a good hold, too. The adder squirmed and many times nearly got away. The four men were knocked over, but they held on. Potter kept a tight hold of the snake's wind and in time had him tuckered. The fight had lasted for an hour when the snake was put in a box.

"He hissed and screeched like a skyrocket going off," said Lehmann.

"It sounded like escaping steam to me," said Tax Collector Douglas.

"We would never have got him alive in the world," says Potter, "but for the fact that his skin was tender and he couldn't stand being hurt like he could if his skin had been on a month's time.

"The snake is a fine buff color marked with black. He is remarkably strong and continually shows his resentment of confinement by hissing and spitting. All the scales of his nose are worn off by his attempts to push his head through a steel wire netting over his cage."

To make the day's sport complete the party brought in three rattlesnakes. One had nine rattles, another 11 and the largest 12. These snakes were four and five feet long. Lehmann is an old snake hunter. He has captured 200 rattlers in the last four or five years, and all of them were taken on Cat House Mountain. Notwithstanding the great number he has captured Lehmann believes the country is overrun with them yet. "They multiply very fast," he says. "I captured a rattler recently that had 25 young ones."

"It is a common belief that snakes shed their skins once a year," added Lehmann, "but they shed them oftener than that. This discarding of the old skin always follows a hearty meal. Let a snake eat a rabbit, as they will, or a chicken, and they take them into their system with one bite, and immediately afterward they shed a skin. I've killed rattlers and opened them up and found a whole squirrel. I've tried to fathom it out how they could take so large a food morsel at once, but they can."

Several zoological societies have made offers for the big adder, as it is believed to be the finest specimen in captivity.

**Mosquitoes Like Dark Blue.**

Mosquitoes are attracted and repelled by some colors more than by others, in the following order: Sea-blue, dark red, brown, red, black, grey, dark green, violet, light blue, pearl grey, pale green, white, orange, and yellow. Dark blue possesses for them the strongest attraction, and yellow the least.


# Announcement
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I beg to announce that I have just returned from New York, where have made extensive purchases in Jewelery and Silverware. The same have rived, are unpacked, and ready for your inspection.

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Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, $1, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50; worth twice the price;
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, $5 up too $100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chaines, $7 up too $16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches, $2.50 up too $25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, $3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, $2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Butons, $5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gent's Diamond Studs, $7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from $4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from $4.00 half dozen up.
Ladies's Silver Watches, $4 and $5.

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| Silver Creek Pure Rye | 40c pt |
| Washington Club Rye | 40c pt |
| Return Baltimore Rye | 40c pt |
| Pride of Virginia Pure Rye | 20c pt |
| Holland Gin Pure doubled distilled | 40c pt |
| Holland Gin | 20c pt |
| North Carolina Corn Whiskey | 20c pt |
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| Pure Old Rye Whiskey | 30c pt |
| Buttercup Rock and Rye | 25c pt |

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Only good swimmers are acceptable as recruits in the German army. The best swimmers in the service are able to cross a stream several hundred yards in width even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

**The Sign of the Cross.**

In ancient days the addition of a cross to the signature did not always indicate that the signer could not write, but was added as an attestation of good faith.

Kitty—Only think! Carrie got her new bathing suit wet through the very first time she wore it!

Bertha—Mercy, you don't mean to say that she went into the water?

Kitty—The idea! Of course not. A drenching shower came on all of a sudden.—Boston Transcript.

**The Labor.**

Blobbs—I hear you have a political job. Is it hard work?

Slobbs—Not after you get it.—Phil-


They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

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**It Would Grow.**

Naggaby—That looks like a mighty small fish for a full-grown man to catch.

Waggaby—Just be patient. None of his folks are with him. It will be big enough when he tells about it.—Los

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

G. P. You should certainly take time and visit your friends.

G. M. You are too young to attend the G. A. R. ball. A girl of sixteen should have her mind on her books and not be thinking of receptions.

E. L. Don't think because you are not a school teacher that you are not as good as other people. You will not find all roses in the school. A girl must be able to do something other than teach school.

Elsie. Don't go into conspicious places and then you will not have your name defiled.

Truthfulness should be the great moral precept of all young ladies. It keeps the confidence of a person to be always truthful.

The duty of young ladies is to conduct themselves in the presence of gentlemen to command respect.

Positions don't make men, although it seems hard for a man to be a gentleman in the estimation of some people except he is in office or holds an official position.

People who are not used to well doing are the most easy to become bigheaded.

H. E. You must not be so easily discouraged. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working.

Matrimony is a very delicate business and should be looked upon from a serious standpoint.

It is not necessary to be too gay to be admired. Sedateness will carry you farther than anything else.

Don't be carried away by good looks. They fade away sometimes. Good looks will not support you.

An intelligent girl should not marry a man who does not like to work.

There is no sin meaner than ingratitude.

Etta. Don't talk your home affairs to outsiders. Strangers are not interested in your troubles, then again it is not the most entertaining topic that one can talk on.

Rosa. You are entirely too gay and conspicuous. Your friends are few and far between.

It is unbecoming for any young lady to talk so much about other peoples affairs.

He who is without patience will be uneasy and troublesome to all with whom he is connected. Patience, like a gentle disposition, can be cultivated.

A fine dress in the eyes of some people covers more sins than charity.

T. J. Too much confidence in a person sometimes is as bad as not enough. Men are strange creatures. They seldom appreciate those that seek them.

Manners are different but true politeness is always the same.

A person never appears so ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by those he affects to have.

It is easier to get a bad name than to retain a good one, therefore be exceedingly careful.

It is hard to deceive a sensible person, though the best of us are deceived sometimes.

Some people know it all in their own estimation.

Some girls like to be known and regarded popular.

Life is all a chance like anything else.

Some friendship is like new clothes made to wear out.

J. A. You should make yourself useful as well as ornamental.

Always sympathize with the unfortunate.

Give some time to something other than dress. Sometimes dress ruins a girls reputation.

Lizzie. You can't help from being admired, because of your sweet disposition.

Whatever you do let it be done well.

Don't think that you are "all of it" simply because one chances to compliment you.

It is not the so called friend that you must trust. A good friend never tries.

E. L. You are alright to look at, but your ways are dispisable. The most unpopular person is the one with ugly actions.

Never sham, and by all means keep paint off of your face.

A man's worst enemy is generally himself, but a woman's usually her "best friend."

An evil person can do more harm in one day, than good can be done in two.

Young ladies who are in public service should be reserved and polite.

Don't be disrespectful to the aged. You may regret some day.

Vulgarity will suit the careless girl

Let your language be refined.

Don't expect of others what you are unable to do yourself, neither criticise a person for accomplishing an act which you have not the ability to accomplish.

## BABOON'S FALSE TEETH.

**"Mr. Dooley," Who Lost His Own in Trying to Eat an Iron Bar, Fitted with New Set.**

"Mr. Dooley has a new set of front teeth. He is an Asiatic baboon in the zoological garden in Philadelphia, and, as his name indicates, is a philosopher. When a dentist went poking about in his jaws the other day he did not howl, but faced the ordeal with stoicism. One reason of this may have been that he had a dose of ether before the operation.

"Mr. Dooley" was not philosophical enough to know iron from gum when a mischevious boy handed a small bar

TRIED TO CHEW IRON BAR.

of metal into his cage. The monkey seized it and tried to chew it. The result was disastrous to his front teeth, which were broken off short.

As the monkey is a valuable specimen it was decided that the broken teeth should be replaced. A dentist who makes a specialty of caring for the jaws of animals first took a plaster of paris impression of "Mr. Dooley's" maxillaries, and had the false set all ready for insertion. When "Mr. Dooley" recovered his senses at the end of half an hour he at first made frantic efforts to pull out the strange things that he felt in his mouth, but he soon desisted when he found that he could not budge them, and he is now reconciled.

The monkey's false teeth are much like human teeth, but are made sharper on the crowns in order to enable the baboon to crack nuts and masticate all kinds of food.

## COFFEE BAG DRESS.

**Queer Raiment of a Woman Offender Makes a Philadelphia Magistrate Blush.**

Magistrate O'Brien, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the most dignified of the minor judiciary, was more than shocked at the Ninth district police station the other day when a woman was brought out in raiment that was more than deshabille. Her garments consisted of two coffee bags, cut a la Filipino.

The woman was Ellen Reed, who was found the night before lying in the gutter in a drenching rain. She was taken to the station house, where the matron kindly undressed her, but had no dry clothing for her. A search through the station house resulted in the production of two empty bags as the only pieces of clothing fit for a woman to wear. The matron concocted from the two bags a tailor-made suit that would startle even a

A NOVEL TAILOR-MADE.

Fiji island native, and even the police blushed when the woman was brought from her cell for a hearing. In one of the bags three holes had been cut, one for the head and one at each corner for the arms. This was then slipped over Ellen's head. In the other bag two holes had been cut, one in each corner. Her legs were slipped through these holes and her raiment was complete. When Magistrate O'Brien saw this startling apparition he promptly sent her home for more proper garments.

**Draws Diminutive Salary.**

The man who draws the smallest salary from Uncle Sam is Charles Henry Gibbs, keeper of the "bug lighthouse" at Nantucket, Mass. Old mariners called it the "bug" because its dim illumination resembled a firefly in the distance. Gibbs merely lives there and draws a yearly salary of $1. For 20 years the light has not been displayed.

**Rebuked for His Meanness.**

A Brooklyn man had a spat with his wife, and she deserted him. He offered a reward of ten cents for information regarding her whereabouts. The small reward made her indignant, and she returned two days later, to renew the spat, and "have it out with the mean fellow."

## THE ROTUND GROCER

**He Was No Match for the Boys of the Neighborhood.**

**Youngsters Concocted a Scheme Which Nearly Drove Him Wild and Was the Cause of Considerable Indignation.**

A rotund German grocer who conducts a store in the suburbs of Brooklyn recently incurred the enmity of the boys in that vicinity. How the feud started no one seems to know, but it certainly engendered plenty of hard feeling. At first the boys avenged their supposed wrongs by jeers and occasional missiles. The police took a hand and blocked that game. Then they planned and carried out a revenge which showed that Young America has not lost its traditional ingenuity.

A pool was formed, each boy contributing all his pocket money. The funds of the pool were invested in toy balloons such as are sold by street fakirs. The purchase being made at wholesale rates a large supply of balloons was accumulated. To each balloon was attached a slip of paper which stated that the finder would receive a dollar on returning the balloon to the grocer. One afternoon when the wind was blowing in the Long Island direction the boys sent up the balloons. Then they awaited developments.

The first development came early the next morning in the form of a husky Long Island farmer, who stopped his team in front of the grocery store, marched in with a captive toy balloon and handed it to the German grocer with the remark that he would like his dollar. The grocer stared blankly.

"For vhy?" he exclaimed, "vhy should I give you a dollar for dat? Do I look like a man dot vants a toy balloon already? Vat a fool you takes me for; yes, no?"

The farmer showed the inscription stating that a dollar would be paid for the balloon. He had returned it and

FARMER WANTED A DOLLAR.

wanted his money. Then the grocer's wrath bubbled over.

"Dem boys. Dem leedle loafers. Dey makes all dis trouble. I vill see der chudge und ave dem to der prison send."

But, says the New York Times, it was only the beginning of his troubles. The west wind had done a thorough job and scattered the balloons all over that part of Long Island. Through the day farmers, men who worked on the railway and trolley lines, even tramps, trudged into the grocery, proudly bearing toy balloons and insisting on a dollar each for returning them. All were filled with indignation at the grocer's refusal. And, to add insult to injury, the boys responsible for the vexing of his spirit clustered in little groups, up and down the street, just out of reach, and by their loud and unfeigned expressions of delight added to the rotund grocer's misery.

Late in the afternoon the grocer explained his troubles to a friendly policeman and asked how the majesty of the law could be invoked to punish the erring boys. The policeman, after hearing the facts, delivered his judgment with the solemnity of a Solomon.

"If youse haven't paid out the money, there's nothin' you can do. But if youse pay the coin, them boys is builty of obtaining money under false pretenses."

This cleared matters up for the puzzled grocer.

"Yah," he exclaimed in relieved tones. "Dat vas it. False bretenses. Of course it vas false bretense to say dot I pay a dollar for dem little balloons. Vat dey tink I vas? A fool?"

**What Alcohol Will Do.**

It is said that Peter Evans, who lives in Indiana, holds the record for being arrested more times within a given period than any other man in the state. Recently the state board of charities, hearing of the case, instituted an investigation of the court records. It showed that in 15 years he was arrested 169 times for intoxication, 129 times of which he was placed in jail to sober up, and 40 times he was tried and convicted. During the 15 years he spent 420 days in jail. The total cost to the county for the period mentioned was $651.60. In his younger days he paid innumerable fines, aggregating large amounts, but he has served sentences from 10 to 20 days in jail for the last 20 years at least. By his own request he has recently become an inmate of the county infirmary. At one time Peter Evans was reputed to be worth $75,000, all of which has slipped through his fingers. He is 65 years of age.

**American Clothes in Mexico.**

Mexicans are discarding the old opera bouffe suits, with gay scarfs, wide-legged trousers, high sombreros and pointed shoes. Now they array themselves in American clothing, hats and shoes.

## HONESTY IS REWARDED.

**Chicago Woman Gives a Whole Dime to the Man Who Returned $40,118 to Her.**

A Chicago woman lost a bag containing papers and currency valued at $40,118 the other afternoon and when they were returned to her she rewarded the finder with $00,000.10. He was unable to reply or to learn her name before she hurried away, but later he recovered from the shock and placed the dime in a gilded frame.

The woman who lost the bag was nervous, middle-aged and dressed in black. She left the bag on a seat in a South Side elevated car. It con-

GAVE HIM A DIME.

tained $118 in cash, besides mortgages amounting to $40,000. The man who found it was Charles A. Stuckrath, a guard on the Union loop at Madison street and Fifth avenue.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Stuckrath, passing through the car, espied the portemonnaie and picked it up. When he saw what was in it he notified the officials of the road. About six o'clock the owner of the lost property entered the general offices of the Union loop in the Fisher building and excitedly told of her loss. She was referred to Stuckrath and hurried to his station.

"I think it may be yours, madam," said the guard when she had described her loss, "but you must first identify it."

"It is mine! Oh, I'm so glad!" she said when she had proved ownership.

Then she took a tight grip of the bag, calmly opened it and carefully selecting a dime from within its folds gave the coin to the guard.

## TRIED TO STARVE SNAKE.

**But It Crawled from Its Prison, Hale and Hearty, After a Lapse of 18 Months.**

"The man who tries to starve a snake to death is in a bad way," said a man who has had some experience in dealing with reptiles, "and I happen to know what I am talking about, because of a little thing that happened to me a number of years ago. There is really no telling how long a snake can go without food. It is estimated that a horse can live 25 days without solid food. A horse will live on water for that length of time. Bears can live six months without food. They generally live through the winter months by sucking their paw. Of course, they

A LIVELY SNAKE CORPSE.

have some food on hand, and they slip out to get what they can, but the main sustenance of the bear is the accumulated flesh of the summer. But I am inclined to believe that the snake can hold the record when it comes to doing without food. I had an experience a few years ago which convinced me of this fact. I caught a rattlesnake in my henhouse in the southeastern part of Arkansas, and happened to catch him so that he could not get out. There was a good-sized rat hole in the place, and he darted into this as a last resort. I stopped the hole so the snake could not get out, and for the purpose of starving the reptile to death. I never thought anything more about the snake until more than 18 months after that, when I had occasion to make some repairs about the place. It was necessary to do some excavating. I was simply startled to find a short distance below the surface the snake I had sought to starve to death. He was a little lank, and was not very active. But he was still alive. I felt sorry for the reptilian, and would not kill him, allowing him to crawl away. Since that time I have been convinced that a snake could do without food for a considerable length of time, and the claim that they can go 21 months does not startle me at all."


ATTENTION LA S

-Hair Restorer.-

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m ao cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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All kinds of implements and toilet articles for sale.

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Where I can accommodate fifty horses. Call and inspect our new and modern caskets and investigate our methods of doing First-class work.

1132 3rd St. N. W.
J. H. DABNEY,
Proprietor


**Turned Girls' Heads.**

"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

**A Foolish Question.**

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running around for advice?"—N. Y. Weekly.

**Under False Scent.**

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chappie, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

**More Talk for Less Money.**

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Continuous Performance.**

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals.

The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

**Quite a Difference.**

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

**He Was an Angel.**

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Woes of the Collector.**

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

**Thick.**

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

**Apologetic.**

"'Twas rude of you to treat me so,"
She spoke in accents soft and low.
I answered then: "'Twas rude, although
How much 'twas rued, I only know."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

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-HOTEL
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Nothing in language is more fascinating than the shades of meaning which grow up around a word and cling to it and then gradually fall away, making room for others. No conspirator will ever plead guilty to conspiracy. Call it some more acceptable name and he will not object. Words, that is to say, have a moral character, and the invidious term is the one we repudiate with scorn. The man who prides himself on his close-fistedness would never admit that he is mean. Tell the implacable that he is resentful and he will plead guilty; hint that he is vindictive and he will slam the door behind him. One word is invidious, the other is not.—Portland Oregonian.

**In Japan.**

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled up beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.—N. Y. Sun.

## City Items.

If you want to secure trade advertise in THE BEE.

Attorney W. C. Martin is writing a book on Odd Fellowship. Mr. Martin is a logical writer.

Mrs. Emma V. Montgomery died last Sunday. She was the widow of the late H. P. Montgomery. Her funeral took place Wednesday, October, 29, from 1912 1.th street northwest.

Hon. Albert J. Hopkins,
Will win in Illinois.

*LEGAL NOTICE.*

Marion T. Clinkscales, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.
HOLDING A PROBATE COURT.
No. 10,934, Administration

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Henry W. Huskins late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 25th day of October, A. D. 1903, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of October 1902. Estelle R Haskius 1629 12th street, northwest.

Attest: John R. Rouzer,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

COTTON HANDS WANTED.

☞ Wanted colored cotton field hands to grow cotton in West Africa. Comfortable homes and just treatment guaranteed. Deserving applicants please write to New Cotton Fields Limited, 43 Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgates Street, London, England.

☞ FOR RENT—Furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent, 1602 L st. n.w.

GO TO XANDERS.

If you want first class wines and liquors go to Xanders one of the most reliable houses in this city. His wines and liquors are pure. He gives you full measure. To drink his wines and liquors, you have no trouble with your heart. Call and srmple his goods, 409 7th street, northwest.

FOR SALE

For sale at a sacrafice by the owner 1839 4th N. W. three story brick, nine rooms, bath, furnace and latrobes. 21 ft. front by 95 ft. deep, $4000 liberal terms. Inspection by card only.
C. W. Kellog,
118 D st. N. E.

Established. 1866

BURNSTINE LOAN OFFICE.

Gold and silver watches, diamonds jewelry, stols, guns, mechanics tools, ladies and gentlemen's wearing appearal.

Old gold and silver bough
Unredeemed pledges for sale

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*FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR LADIES AND ... GENTLEMEN....*

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For GOOD Health

Buy pure food that appeals to your appetite

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Brands, baked by Boston Baking Co., fill the bill. There are the

*Best Breads in Town*

For Sale by your Grocer. Look for your label to be sure you are getting the genuine article, as our bread is imitated everywhere

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If you want good and healthy bread purchased from the Boston Baking Co., 119 to 129 1st street foot of the United States Capitol. This is the best bread in the city. All good families use this bread.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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8th and Penn. Ave.

Swell Walking Suit For

$15.00

The popularity of the Walking Suit more pronunced this season than ever before This common-sense garment is now made in such pretty effects as to make it of more dressy appearance We call special attention to an elegant Line of women's walking suits, made up in Norfolk Jacket Style, in elegant quality of home spun covert and cheviot cloth. skirts are cut in the Laa est flare and flounce effect which we have marked at the extremly low price of $15 Our line of Suits this season is most comprehensive. Every stylish STYLE and marked in accordance with everything else at the Busy Corner at the least Prices.

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☞ FOR SALE—Cheap fine old violin, 630 Penn. Avenue, N. W., Upstairs.

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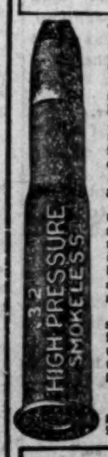


WE are prepared to furnish our full line of Model '93 rifles, solid and take-down, for the new .32 Caliber HIGH PRESSURE SMOKELESS cartridge. This size uses a 165-grain bullet and has a velocity of over 2,000 feet per second, making it the most powerful cartridge made for an American arm, with the exception of the .30-40 U. S. Army. It is sufficiently deadly for any game known in North America.

Another great advantage is that the barrels are bored and rifled (but not chambered) exactly the same as the regular .32-40 Marlin, one turn in 16 inches. This makes the use of black powder and lead bullets as satisfactory and convenient as in a regular black powder rifle.

This size is the first high-pressure arm developed in this country for a caliber larger than .30, and the first to use a slow enough twist to give best results with black powder ammunition.

*Prices same as .30-30 MARLIN.*

120-page cat log of rifles, shotguns, ammunition, etc., cover in 9 colors, mailed for three stamps.

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## BUM BILL IS TOUGH.

Chicago Dog Who Is a Veritable Canine Degenerate.

**Associates Only with Racehorse Touts, Bartenders, Cheap Grafters, Prize Fighters and Women of Questionable Repute.**

"Bum Bill" is what they call him on the levee, but before he came there to live, says the Chicago Tribune, he probably answered to a less disreputable name, and it is barely possible he was the pet of some Chicago household that still mourns his absence. He was found in the doorway of a barber shop at 372 State street one frosty morning three years ago this coming winter by the proprietor, George Norris. If you were to ask the saloon keeper next door who George Norris was he would shake his head and say: "Never heard of him." For Norris is known only as "Props."

"Bum Bill" was a pup about three months old when he was found almost frozen to death in the barber shop entrance. "Props" carried him in and made a bed for him under the stove. The colored porter raked the heater and dumped in another scuttle of coal. After awhile the little black pup began to get thawed out. He timidly crept out from under the stove and took a turn around the room, sniffing for the pan of food which he undoubtedly was used to before he left his happy home.

A saucer of milk was set before him. and to show his appreciation he drank every drop of it. Then he played with the barbers until he got tired and again sought the cozy spot under the stove.

That is how "Bum Bill" came to the levee. The story of his life since that winter morning when "Props" found him would make a good-sized book. He is known to everybody in

BEGAN TO TUG AT HER SKIRT.

State street, from Van Buren to Twelfth. Having lived for nearly three years in the toughest part of Chicago, it is not strange that the dog has become contaminated from evil associations. He goes from one saloon to another "down the line."

Ike Roderick, court clerk at the Harrison street station, is one of "Bum Bill's" numerous friends. This is a story that Roderick tells of the dog's sagacity:

"One night about a year ago, 'Bum Bill' followed me from State street to the station. There had been a 'touch' a day or two before that in a State street saloon and the man who was robbed was at the station when 'Bum Bill' and I came in. He was telling the 'coppers' on the case that the woman who stole his money was at that moment in a saloon a few doors from where the robbery had taken place. He had been doing a little detective work on his own hook and had seen her enter the saloon with a man. The police had recognized her from the description and her name was mentioned while 'Bum Bill' and I were standing by listening.

"The officers and the victim hurried over to State street to get the woman, but 'Bum Bill' beat them to the saloon. We afterward learned that the dog rushed into the room where the woman and her escort were drinking and he began to tug at her dress skirt. She tried to drive him away, but he kept on barking and tugging at her garment From the dog's queer actions the woman got a 'hunch' that something was doing and out the back door she goes with 'Bum Bill' just as the 'coppers' came in the front way. An hour later she was arrested, but through no fault of 'Bum Bill's.' He knew the police were next to him for tipping them off to the woman and he kept away from the station for weeks. Every man in the station knows that to be true."

"Bum Bill" eats three squares a day—as they call it on the levee—at Stross' restaurant. He is as regular as clock work in showing up at meal time, and the patrons of the place all know him as the star boarder.

There isn't a dog in town that "Bum Bill" won't tackle if he ventures on "Whisky Row." He has been chewed up several times, but, like all real prize fighters, he doesn't know when he's whipped. He's a terror to cats, and one of them can't live in the neighborhood.

Like the denizens of the levee, "Bum Bill" is most wakeful at night. He makes his nightly rounds of the saloons and other resorts and sleeps late in the morning.

If there is such a thing as degeneracy in the canine family "Bum Bill" is a degenerate.

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If you have an eye to economy, you will buy the Carpets here because we not only make, lay and line them free—but we make no charge for the two or three yards that are unavoidably wasted in matching figures. You pay only for the actual number of yards required to cover your floors. Our credit prices are as low as warranted qualities can be bought for anywhere.

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You can buy everything here for complete house keeping—even to the Pictures and Draperies. Our stocks of parlor, bedroom, and dining room Furniture are made up of the newest and most desirable style, and we warrant the durability of every article. We invite your attention to a beautiful line of Lace Curtains, Portiers, and fine Haviland China—on Easy weekly or monthly payments.

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*MUSIC FURNISHED FOR ALL OCCASION.*
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This is one of the best known piano manufacturers and sellers in the United States. If you want a first class instrument don't fail to call on him. See advertisement in another column.

Whiskey $1.10 Per Gallon.

We claim to be the *LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE.* We really sell whiskey as low as **$1.10 per gallon**, and mind you; distilled whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

"*CASPER'S STANDARD*" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnance wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at **$5 to $6** per gallon, but it is not any better than "*CASPER'S STANDARD.*" It is the best produced and must please every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of $100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts **$2.95**, 10 Quarts **$5.00**, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list *must be addressed as follows:*

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Main Office and Warehouses: No's. 1043-46 Liberty and 1, 3, 4 and 5 Maple Streets.

WHISKEY $1.10 Per Gallon.

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PERFECT alignment and impression. Easy of operation. Work in sight. Changeable typeshuttles. The best typewriter for the business or professional man.

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